15476.10

# IÖ CAROLE:

OR

*An Extract of a Letter sent from*

# PARNASSUS,

*WHEREIN*

Are contained severall

EPIGRAMES, ODES, &c. upon

*His Maiesty's*

# Coronation.

By.

Bocalini, jun., pseudon.

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Dr. J. R. Chadwick,

Boston.

*Superscrib'd,*

To the Reverend and Learned

# *Dr Jasper Mayne,*

*England.*

*Sir,*

*Understanding how deservedly you are numbred among the* Virtuoso's *of the Age, I have been emboldened upon that account, to single you out for the Person whom I should certify of the most signall occurrences which have happened lately in this place; Perhaps this sheet or two may prove troublesome to the perusers of Books in generall, and something uncivill towards you in particular; why, if they do, yet as to the first the admirableness of their Subject-matter will abundantly excuse them, which was the cause of their comeing forth at all; and as to the second, your Fame will shelter them under her capacious wings, which was the cause of their comeing thus Superscrib'd: The truth is, when I found how acceptable the* Ragguagli di Parnasso *(publish't by my predecessor) was to the ingenious part of mankind, mee thoughts I could not but do the present and future generation a very great injury should I have concealed what now I hope may*

*have the good fortune to passel through your hands farther into the World: Know therefore, Sir, that yesterday morning His Majesty* Apollo *discarded a* Theologo *of great note, who was discovered to have been first a* Tremulist, *then a* Lacu-Lemanian, *then a* Theist, *next an* Arnheimian, *and now last of all a compleat* Orthodoxo *only for fashion sake; Three dayes before that he had cashier'd* Mercurio Europæo *his Gazett-writer for publishing that for true, which was not so, neither was it at all like to be so,* viz: *that at the great solemnity of the Coronation of your invincible* Archon CHARLES *the* II, *the Prior of* St Trinity *took his place as Alderman of the great City: This morning the Embassadours from* Almaine, *whose errand hither was to be informed what those Fires, Crosses, Turbants, which they had seen at home in the aire might portend, received this Answer in His Majesties name from the Procurator of the Oracle,* Presbitery is better than Independency, Episcopacy is better than Presbytery, but Quakerisme is better than Trentisme: *Just now at Dinner-time this present day, being (if I calculate aright) your first of May, there was much joy all over the Court by reason of a certain great benefit which is shortly to redownd upon the whole Universe as* Apollo *out of his certain fore-knowledge of things told a near Favorite; the particulars are not known, but it is to bee by a Marriage betwixt two Mighty Princes both living neare the* Atlantick: *Our Agents abroad send us not much news, by reason of the late happy Generall peacein* Europe; *only from what we have by private intelligence, wee hope shortly to see from the double top of our Saered Hill the Christian Princes of the West joyne forces against their common* Mahumetan *enemy upon a better account than the determination of a blind Councell at* Clermont, *that so by the help of their successefull armes our proud* Ottoman *oppressors power may be abated, and he no more*

*raise*

raiſe armies able to beſiedge Auſtria; it being more than time for us to be freed from his Tyranny, and date our letters not from the Flight of an Impoſtor, but from the comeing of the true Prophet: In order to the improvement of Learning his Majeſty has referr'd the care of new Experimentall Philoſophy to the honourable R.B. his Hermeticall Eſquire R:H, and the reſt of the Right Knowing Verulamians; of Platonicall Philoſophy to H. M; of ingenuous writings to J. H. Eſquire; And as for Poëtry (to omit the reſt at preſent) he reſolves to be himſelfe ſtill the vigilant overſeer thereof, and to keep it up in its height; and he has already made good progreſſe in his deſigne by well improving ſo ſublime a Theme offered as your Aprill 22 and 23; for, being informed of the almoſt unutterable glory of thoſe two days, of the Magnificent proceſſe of that ſacred perſon to his Throne, and his more magnificent ſeating there-on, hee preſently ſummon'd all the Poëts, told 'um what he had heard, required them to exerciſe every one their ſeverall Fancys on ſo extraordinary a ſubject, and appointed Fam. Strada Maſter of the Ceremonies; but the ſilly, whymſicall Jeſuite was under a firme reſolution not to accept of any place either of profit or honour out of I know not what ſtrange conceit, for fear (forſooth) leſt he ſhould be taken by ſome Virtuoſo's for a Fanatick; where-upon his Majeſty himſelfe without any demur undertook that charge and beckoned to Homer to lead; where-at the noble Greek immediately ſtood forth, and expreſt himſelfe to this effect, I

Ἄνεξ ἔγνωκα μῦθα παλύτερον ὃς μάλα πλάχθη,
Ἀλλ' οὐχ ὃς ὁ πίπουθεν ἄεισ' ὃς δ' ἔμμορε τιμῆς:
Ἦ βελέων μὲν ἄναξ ἑκάεργος ἄνδρ' ἐσάωσε τε θοῦρον
Ζηνὸς ὑψιβρεμέτης μάλ' ἐχώσατο ἧμαι κείνῳ
Ὅππολε Εὐρώπης δία κούρου λάθρα βάντα
Θεσπεσίην ἔσχε φύζα, Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή.
Ζεὺς δέ τε Ἀχαιΐνες ἄτην ἐνέδησεν βαρεῖαν
Οὐκ ἀγαθὸν μερόπεσσιν ἔναι κοσμήτορα λαῶν
Καὶ πολυκοιρανίην (πλὼ γε σύγκυσι καὶ ἄλλοι)
Κρείσσονα φερζόντας, Βριτονηΐδας οὐ Βριτονῆας:
Νῦν δ' ἄρα Καισαλίδῃ ('Ελένιον Κύει' ἀκύσας
Τῷ τ' ἐλεαίρων) δῶκε πάλιν ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶντε
Σκῆπτρον τ' ἠδὲ θέμιστας, ἵν' ἔκδηλος μετὰ πᾶσιν
Ἀγγλείοισι γένοιτ', ἠδὲ κλέος ἐσθλὸν ἄρηται.
Δίου γ' οὖν Πειέριος παῖς ἐνὶ Ἰλίῳ ἱερῇ
Ἔζετο πόμενος, καὶ ἑκατομβοισι πυθέσθαι
Ὦ πόποι, ὡς ὁἱ δαῖτι ἀπὸ κρέα τε καὶ ἄμυν
Πῦρ μέγα, ἀκάματον, ἐναλίγκιον ἠλίῳ αὐγῇ:
Χρυσέας ἀργυρέας τε μοι ἀσταμένοιο κιτῶνας
Ὥλετο ἡ βλέψις, καὶ γίγνομαι αὖθις Ὅμηρος.
Ζεὺς Στάφορπάδης φεία ἤνδανε πᾶσι βροτοῖσι,
Πάντες ἄρ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα νεῶν ἄπο καὶ κλισιάων
Κλαγγηδὸν προχέονται ἐπιβλήψαι μεμαῶτες,
Ἄγγλοι ὑπέρθυμοι τηλεκλειταί τ' οἰκήορι:
Ἧστο ἕηνσα ἅδσι μελισσάων ἀδινάων
Πέτρης ὀκ γλαφυρῆς αἰεὶ νεόν ἐρχομενάων.
Χάρματα δ' οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ μυθήσομαι, οὐδ' ὀνομήνω,
Οὔδ' εἰ μοι δέκα μὲν γλῶσσαι δέκα δ' στόματ' εἶεν,
Φωνὴ δ' ἄρρηκτος, χαλκεον δέ μοι ἦτορ ἐνείη,
Χάρματα οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ μυθήσομαι, οὐδ' ὀνομήνω.

*Which* Apollo *himſelfe partly out of reſpect to his Firſt-born ſonne, and partly to honour the* Engliſh *tongue, was pleaſed taking upon him the perſon of* Homer *thus to tranſlate,*

Muſe

MUſe tell the World of that late exil'd King,
And not his Suffrings but his Glory ſing;
Hee once indeed did heavens wrath incurr,
And found *Jove* nothing but a *Thunderer*;
While he was faine to fly through unknown ways,
Ledd by his Starrs then ſeeming all to blaze;
And this ſore plague was on poor *England* ſent,
That ſhee ſhould play the fool in Government;
Her mighty Monarchy turn'd piddling State,
Maſculine Government Effæminate;
But Heaven now her *Miſerere's* hears,
And towards her Great Lord compaſs'on bears,
Gives him his Golden wand and Azure ball
To ſeem and bee a glorious Prince withall:
Ne'r ſhall this year its room in Story want,
Now *Priams* ſonn ſitts Crown'd in *Troynovant*:
Oh! what a floud of light from him doth flow!
How like the midday-Sunn it makes him ſhow!
Such cloaths of Gold and Silver kill my braine,
My Opticks faile and I grow blind again:
This Earthly *Jove* all ſorts of men doth pleaſe;
Inlanders leave their homes, Sea-men their Seas,
Both Engliſh born, and they that Neighbours are
A part in ſinging and in ſhouting bear;
You may the like in thoſe fair gardens ſee
Where Thouſands buzz about one Royall-Bee:
Should nature give me now a dozen tongues
And halfe as many paire of luſty lungs,
And thoſe made of the lately ſheathed ſteel,
I could not word the joy three nations feel.

*Next* Virgil *was call'd upon to ſay ſomething in relation to the preſent affaires of the renowned Weſterne Iſle, who ſo quickly took the ſummons that e'r any of the company were aware hee was in the middle of a verſe, and thus (as to what we could hear), hee begann,*

---*Fractus*

——— *Fractus bello fatiſque repulſus*
CAROLIDES, *cujus tria regna* Wigornia *ſecum*
*Traxit in exitium, tot jam labentibus annis*
*(Nam non ſunt æternæ animis cœleſtibus iræ,)*
*Sceptra manu vibrans ſolióq; potitus avito*
*Ex alto populos videt atque videtur ab ipſis:*
Phœbe *(fatebor enim) cùm ſe poſt nubila Clarum*
CAROLUS *exhibeat, Majeſtatémque ſerenus*
*Induat antiquam, ſubito hæc* Parnaſſi *ſordent*
*Culmina, quærendúmq; Tibi eſt in numine numen;*
*Ille comâ meliore diem lucémq; deaurat*
*Imbellem, radióſq; Tuos fugat aſtra fugantes;*
*Imò Tibi, occiduus Talem ſiquando videres,*
*Eclipſin patienti eſſet nova cauſa ruboris:*
*Clarus ubi (audivi) regis fratérq; ſorórq;*
*Majoréſq; jacent & avi tumulantur avorum,*
Spinea *cùm nondum turgeſceret* Inſula *tectis,*
*Cùm nondum in ſacram* tua moles *ſurgeret* Ædem,
*Te rude vulgus ibi cóluit, numénque vocavit*
*Et* Phœbum *docuêre referre altaria Myſtæ;*
*Qui modò Te lucémq; Tuam coluêre puſillam,*
*Hoc quid crediderim facturos principe viſo?*
*Quòd ſi quid poterit ſplendenti luminis addi*
*Stat juxtà miſcétq; jubar* Dux *iuclytus armis;*
*Nempè avulſo uno non deficit alter & alter*
CAROLUS, *& geminâ ſtirps regia fronde triumphat;*
*Fortunati ambo! niſi me præſagia fallunt*
*Veſtra novi condent ingentia facta Poëtæ,*
CAROLIDUMq; *domus* Longâ *dominabitur* Albâ
*Dum rotet aſtra polus, feriant dum littora venti.*

*With how great applauſe this was received I ſhall not rehearſe;* Apollo *(to continue my bare Relation) thought none ſo fit to render the divine* Maro *into Engliſh as the Author of the* Heroical Epiſtles, *M. D; him therefore by a beck he deſigned to that office, who thus performed it,*

Great

GReat CHARLES by warr, and adverſe Fate undone,
From whom three Nations in one field were wonne,
At laſt ( for heaven doth not alwaies frowne )
Handles his Scepter, and putts on his Crowne;
And from the higheſt ſeat of Majeſty
Sees his good people thronging him to ſee:
Sir, I muſt tell you, now that HEE is freed
From thoſe thick clowdes, and ſhines as King indeed,
I ſee no glory in this glorious place,
And Majeſty is ſetting in your face;
Hee guilds your gold, and makes a double day;
Starrs fly from yours, from his your feebler ray;
Should your when ſetting ſee the like, you'ld find
More cauſe to bluſh in being ſo out-ſhin'd:
In that rich Minſter, where (as I have heard)
Lye CHARLES's kinn and Auncеſtors interr'd,
E'r ſtately houſes cover'd *Thorny Iſle*,
E'r your profaner Moſque turn'd ſacred Pile,
There in that place men own'd you for Divine,
Sung hymnes unto you, worſhipt at your ſhrine;
They who ador'd beholding petty you
Should th'have a ſight of Him what would they do?
Now if ſuch glory augmentable ſeems
The Warlike Duke ſtands by, and mixes beams;
See, two for one! if CHARLES the Martyr bleeds
Another and another ſtill ſuceeds:
Partners in bliſſe! ne'r ſhall there want a verſe
(If I know ought) your Actions to rehearſe,
And your great Fam'ly in *White-Hall* ſhall Reign
As loug as Iſles have ſhores, or Charles a Waine.

*The Eſquire had no ſooner done but up ſtood* Ovid, *and very well underſtanding himſelfe to be the next to* Virgill *both in ability and renowne, as alſo plainly foreſeeing how ill it would bee reſented if he ſhould be ſilent in ſuch a caſe prevented the invitation, and of his hwn accord ſweetly ſmiled out theſe inſuing lines,*

*DII Maris & Terræ! nam (quæ ſunt ſæcula nobis)*
*Et Maris & Terræ diſcimus eſſe Deos;*
*Eia, bonum factum! ſupero quòd* Carolus *anno*
*In ſua ſit placidis regna revectus aquis;*
*Eia, bonum factum! quòd & hoc modò* Carolus *anno*
*Ad ſua ſit nitidis tecta revectus equis:*
Naſo Tomitanæ *notiſſimus incola terræ*
*Ah! ſcio quid patrio ſit caruiſſe ſolo;*
*Non tamen id vatem quod ſum grave paſſus adurit,*
*Sed quod ſuſtinuit* Carolus *exilium;*
*Nempè cadunt arbuſta, jacent pro more myricæ;*
*Ægrè procumbit celſior ulmus humi:*
*Me miſerum! quantos viduata* Britannia *luctus,*
*Quanta diu rapto Principe damna tulit!*
*Sive* Scotos *aliquis Dominum non ritè tuentes*
*Narrârit,* Scoticum *corda tulêre gelu;*
*Seu quis in* Angliacum Gallorum *murmura Regem*
*Innuerit, miſeræ* Gallia *luctus erat;*
*Seu quis pugnantes* Dunkerkæ *dixerit Anglos,*
*Et* Dunkirka *novi cauſa doloris erat;*
*Plura ego non memoro; quid enim memoraſſe juvabit?*
*Præteritus minuet gaudia tanta dolor:*
*Tam tardè adveniens lachrymas expreſſit* Aprilis,
*Atq; omnis plavè menſis* Aprilis *erat;*
*Hic iſtas oriens Sol ſiccat lumine guttas,*
*Alter ut ille Orbis* Cæſaris *ora videt:*
*Ergò ego* Saturnum, Martémq; , Jovémq; *ſilebo,*
*Implentémque libros* Amphitryoniadem;
*Námque quid* Alcides *? regnavit ſanguine multo,*
*Geſſit bella, hominum corpora ſtravit humi;*
*Sed pacem revocare, animáſque domare rebelles*
Herculis *eſt* decimus tertius *iſte* Labor.

*What he expreſſed in Latine was as elegantly rendered into Engliſh by* Mr Sands, *in this manner;*

Yee

YEE Pow'rs upon the Land, and Pow'rs by Sea,
For (as things goe) both ſorts of Pow'rs there bee,
Thanks for your laſt-years courteſy before
In ſetting CHARLES upon his native ſhore;
Thanks for your this-years favour to him ſhow'n
In bringing him in triumph to his Throne:
Forced my ſelfe to *Scythia's* ice and ſnow
What 'tis to ſuffer Baniſhment I know;
Thither I went, and well could tarry there,
But CHARLES's baniſhment I could not bear:
The ground is fitt for ſuch poore ſhrubbs as I;
But Elmes and Oakes are'nt us'd ſo low to ly:
Ah mee! what feares did headleſſe *England* ſeize!
How the Great Widdow wept her ſelfe new Seas!
How 'mongſt the *Scotts* he far'd if any told,
Her heart ſoon imitated *Scotlands* cold;
Hearing the *French* againſt him murmured,
Thoſe murmurings in her new troubles breed;
Being inform'd of *Dunkirk's* bloudy fight
The name of *Dunkirk* put her in a fright;
I'l not relate the reſt; t'will do no good,
T'would ſpoile theſe preſent triumphs if I ſhould;
For want of ſuch an *Aprill* 23.
Each month a ſhowry *Aprill* ſeem'd to bee;
That Sunne now riſeing dryes up every teare,
While he doth there to *th'other World* appeare:
Then farewell *Saturne*, *Jove*, and *Mars*, all three;
And *Hercules* that fills up Hiſtory;
For what did hee? hee in his furious mood
Conquer'd men's bodys, ſpilt in warr their bloud;
But to make peace, and quell mens paſſions too,
This t'other *Hercules* could never do.

Martiall *was under a clowd at this time, and* Apollo *made a demurr whether he ſhould be imployed or not; but for fear of diſcouraging his grand* Epigrammatiſt *whom ſuch a ſlight would quite undoe, and a little time might chance to reform, he ſet him on worke, and this was the whole almoſt of what he produce't;*

## Ad Lyoolitam.

*Attende*, Loyolita, *te velim paucis*,
*Tàm grande nè placeat tibi nimis Dictum*;
*Modò verte Splendores* Britannicos *versùs*,
*Citra tuam Monarchiam Universalem*
*Potes* videre Solem in Occidente Ortum.

## Ad Phœbum.

*Quæro ubi sit* CAROLUS; *respondes* (Phœbe) *roganti*,
*Ante* Palatinas *concidit ille fores*,
*Concidit? âh, miserè tua nos oracula fallunt*
*Falsum* (Phœbe) *canis Túq*; *Tripúsq*; *tuus*;
*Concidit? Eccum ipsum! vivum, diademate cinctum!*
*Quàm par mens, similis gloria, nomen idem!*
*Credimus* Assyrios *renovant incendia nidos*,
*Fabellæ faciunt gesta hodiurna fidem*;
*Jam frustra in Dominos plebs ferrea sæviet*; *in se*
Regius *en* regni semina sanguis habet.

## Ad Rotatorem Fanaticum.

HArringtone, *rotæ faber jocosæ*,
*Nonnullus* (*fateor*) *tui Rotundi*
*Usus nuper erat*, *nec ipse multùm*
*Errabas* Carolo *jacente nostro*;
*Postquàm advenerit alma Lux* Geörgî
*Istam Machinulámq*; *téq*; *tollas*;
*Scis versatilis ut potentiorum*
*Fortunam Rota Principum figurat*;
*Scis quisnam radius* (*perite rerum*)
*Ad terras humili situ jacebat*;
*Ille ut debuerat*, *volente Fato*,
*Ascendens propiora cernit astra*,
*Atq*; *Illo Rota culminante tandem*
*Stat nunc fixa nec amplius movetur.*

*There wanted a fit person to be imployed in the translation of* Martiall, *but for want of a better* Sylvester *did him thus into English*,

To

*To B. the Jesuite.*

COme, *Jesuite*, and let mee thee advise,
Do'nt thou thy known proud *Motto* too much prize;
On *Englands* present glory cast thy eyes,
A sleep thy Universall Monarch lyes,
Yet *see the Sunn there in the West arise.*

*To Apollo.*

WHere's mighty CHARLES? *Apollo*, where? relate;
Hee's murder'd, answear'st thou, at his own gate;
Murder'd? no, surely thou 'rt mistaken there,
Deceiv'd art thou, and Fallible thy Chaire;
Murder'd? no, there he sitts, alive, and Crown'd,
With th'same high soul, same name, and lustre found:
The *Phœnix* in the fire is borne anew,
These passages do prove that story true:
Rebells, no more rejoyce to see Kings dye;
*Their bloud*, you find, *'s the seed of Monarchy.*

*To him that spake last at the Rota.*

STate-wheel-wright, I must needs allow
Thy whimm was usefull once and thou;
Thou seemedst orthodox of late
Whilst CHARLES was yet unfortunate;
Now there ha's been a *Georges*-day
Engine and Engineer away;
The Wheel thou know'st was found long since
To shew the Fortunes of a Prince;
Neither can'st thou well but know
What spoke did lately down-ward goe;
That's Culminant (Fate turning round)
As nigh the starrs as once the ground,
And now that to the topp hath runn
The Weel must fix, its Motion's done.

*The Latine Poëtts having pretty well playd their parts, his Majesty and the whole company lookt all stedfastly now upon* Du Bartas, *now upon* T. Tasso, *which was a sufficient*

*ſigne what was expected from thoſe two, hereupon they both ſtood forth, but inſtead of falling to the buſineſſe in hand enterr'd into a diſpute concerning their precedency one before the other, and appeal'd to* Apollo *which ſide of the Mountaine was the more fertile ſoile for witts, and whither had more right to begin firſt the* French-man *or the* Italian; *his Majeſty bade them both ſit downe again for the preſent, and come again for judgement an* 100 *years hence; then turning towards the Engliſh Poëtts, he thought to have brought old* Jeffery *upon the ſtage, but conſidering how little difference there is both as to matter and ſtile between him and* Spencer, *he pitch't upon the laſt, who entertain'd us wiih this Dialogue betwixt one* Thenot *an honeſt Shepheard and one* Hobbinol *a Fanatick Goatheard.*

Thenot. Hobbinol.

The. HObbin, to mee aread what garrs thee greet?
What maken thee ſo Melancholy?
Hob. Thenot, much is y done that is not meet,
I ſigh at London peeples folly;
The. Miſchiefe on ſighs; what art the bett for thy?
Riſe and with mee to Cotſwold goe;
Thither our bonny ladds apace do hie,
Nober been there again, I trow;
Come, Hobbin, let us friſk it o'r the plaine
Wee will friſk it merrily;
Hob. Tho thou wouldſt have mee bee a dancer, Swaine;
Nay, I may not dance with thee;
The. But thou maiſt friſk it when y bidd by Pan,
Who will have us end our woe;
Hob. How do I know that Pan commands it? Wan;
Then. The lit within us twinckles ſo; |
Tho, as thou art a ladd, do ne yſhend
Our roundells freſh with ruthfull lay;
To eek our jollity wee all intend,
Our King maken thilk holy-day:

Hobb:

Hob. I ken not why there should be any King,
Nature ordained parity;
The. Tho congy to thy boy this evening,
Yee was born as good as thee:
Hob. Is not a Knit of Bath an uncouth thing?
Many a one afore him went;
Then. Religious Knits fitt a Religious King,
And their Order is most decent:
O it would be a lawfull dignity
Were a redd ribbond sent to you;
Hob. Ai, but those habitts come from Rome Citty;
The. So did the Evangel too;
Is wine the worse for being Laterane
When from Italy sent hither?
Does holy Bible strait turne Alcoran
Because y bound in Turky leather?
Hob. The others eke I hate as cruelly
Those buxom Knits of the Round Garter,
Who, I am taught, founded were by— by— by
That Popish King our Brittish Arter;
Then. Ah seely Hobbin! bott cole on thy toung;
Thus chatten folk they know not what;
It is a fashion Christian Kings emong,
What Answer yeue yee unto that?
Such decency all sorts of people use,
And all rejoyce thilke day to see
But only you whom fowl leasings abuse,
And robben of your whilome glee:
Hob. Then I'l bee blith (so pleaseth mee) and sing;
I'l dance about as I were wood,
And drinken healths unto our gratious King,
Then. You're mob'd thereto, therefore t'is good:
Hob. I'l hang his picture ev'ry wall upon,
Cut C's and R's in all my bor;
Certes James Naylor is a very son,
Georg Fox (I ween) s very Fox.

Next

*Next* Quarles *succeeded, and knowing his excellency to lye in Illuſtration of Emblemes ſpake to the preſent purpoſe by way of alluſion to the frontiſpeice of that Sacred piece, which wee have here written in Letters of Gold,* Εἰκὼν Βασιλικὴ, *Which I reckon would be in vain to deſcribe, ſeeing there are none who have ſeen any thing but they have ſeen that; thus the ingenuous Gentleman deſcanted upon it,*

1.

HOw does the table ſuite with what's been done,
That cutt with what wee ſee!
How well the Father's *Mottoe's* fitts the Sonne!
How both their lives agree!
His Sire through ſufferings did in triumph runn,
And thorough them runns hee;
Grammercy they who e'r this Embleme drew;
This will the buſineſſe fully ſhew;
I knew not where to borrow any elſe would do.

2.

Though tumults rag'd againſt the King as high
As 'gainſt the rock the Sea,
Though a darke night all overcaſt his skye
As dark as dark can bee,
Though there did heavier burdens on him lye
Than on the patient tree,
The Rock had learn't (like *Terminus*) to ſtay,
The night has turn'd a glorious Day,
The Palme-tree's glory has anticipated *May*.

3.

Never let loyall Rock fear boiſterous Fate,
Since CHARLES unſhook has been;
Nor *England's* Day e'r dread a night in ſtate,
Since CHARLES 's is ſerene;
Never let Royall Palme fear any weight
Since CHARLES 's is ſo green;
And may that ſure-fixt Rock no motion know,
That Sunn may he ſtill brighter ſhow;
May that Great Palm-tree greener ſtill and greener grow.

*In*

*In the next place there were presented to his Majesty diverse* Coronation Poëms, (*as they were called,*) *to the number of* 17, 16 *whereof were never look't into,* Apollo *having enough and too too much of the first, a* Tetrastick *whereof be pleased to take in the Authors own words,*

(Twelve months agoe our Royall Sove'reigne land-
Ed at the *Dover* cliffs in safety and
Enterr'd his Kingdome; now, behold! hee sitts
Enthron'd, and they whose rebellious fitts;&c.)

*And from thence judge how justly the inditer there-of and his brethren were honourably dismist each of them with a wreath of* Absinthium Umbelliferum tenuifolium, *and a nosegay of* Atriplex ollida:

*These Pamphletteers being departed, his Majesty by way of divertisement cursorily perused an* Heroïck Poëm *intitled* CAROLEIS, *which was written by a* Virtuoso *of your own nation,* (*some say a* Theologo) *but came hither to beg an* Imprimatur; *I may not send you a compleat copy thereof untill it be Licensed, but* (*if your patience be not quite tired out*) *you may take a tast of the whole in these few* Stanza's:

1.

NOw had our Royall Eagle for some time
Been forc't through Aire none of his own to fly,
While paltry rookes into his Throne did climbe
Feather themselves and set their nests on high.

2.

When that Great Monarch on whom Myriads wait,
Who wisely rules the World he wisely made,
Summon'd his flameing Ministers of State,
And in the midd'st of them sate downe, and said;

3.

" Who of you minds my World's more Western part?
" Who'l place the *Engliſh* King on *Engliſh* ground?
" Who'l counter-work Hell's plotts with Heavenly art,
" And ſo procure the Royall Exile Crown'd?

4.

" *There is a time for wrath, a time for love;*
" I can no longer now forbear my ſmiles;
" If I am Monarch, if I reigne above
" Hee ſhall be King below, and rule thoſe Iſles:

5.

*Englands* unſeen *Protectour* then aroſe,
Or, if that word hath been too much profan'd,
The Spirit which for *Brittains Guardian* goes
Boldly took heart, and openly complain'd;

6.

" Sole Conſervator of the Univerſe,
" I would preſume at length to make my moane;
" But (ah!) what tongue is able to rehearſe
" What my poor Province there has undergone?

7.

" My *Albion* long ſince had changed her name,
" But never loſt till now her Happineſſe;
" Shee's nor in Church, nor yet in State the ſame,
" By your permiſſion Prieſtleſſe, Monarch-leſſe.

8.

" By your Permiſſion we are ſure 'tis ſo,
" But ſhould that your Permiſſion laſt too long
" T'would ſeem your Will, and men would think below
" You're like themſelves and doe delight in wrong:

9.

" Then, ôh, both Court and Clergy now reſtore,
" And that brave land in unity maintaine,
" Leaſt what my deareſt *Ina* joyn'd before
" Fall into more then *Heptarchy* againe.

10.

" And thoſe who ſo audaciouſly of late
" Voted downe Service-book and Monarchy

" Diſturb

"Disturb, distract, confound, insatuate,
"Or else they'l next vote downe your Deity:

11.

"CHARLES ripe for hundreds wants one Diadem
"Robb'd of his treasures, countrey, friends and all;
"Oh might I steale from *Flanders* such a gem!
"Oh might I be his Guide unto *White-hall!*

12.

"Say but the word, I runn, I fly, I'm there;
"My hast no *medium* nor distance checks;
"I'le soon unroost the Rump from *Westminster*,
"And fix the *Hydra's* heads on other necks:

13.

"I'le Him in his Great Loyall City sett,
"And bring him in such state unto his throne,
"That people shall all former pomps forgett,
"And History not mention that of *Scone*.

14.

"And so thou shalt (was Answear'd) I decree,
"But let us take advice, my Faithfull one;
"How may this businesse best effected bee?
"Which course d'yee steer, & what must first be done? &c.

*His Majesty having given his verdict of and commands about this* Heroïck Poëm *laid it by, and desired the* Virtuoso *which brought him the joyfull news, and had not yet left the Court, to conclude the day, who recollecting such thoughts as he had in the street before, in the Abby at, and at home after the Coronation putt them all into this following* Ode.

ODE.

T'Is Hee; ôh! I shall view him o'r and o'r!
That is the Duke which comes before;
And this, it is the Abby-doore;
Open thy doore, thou house divine,
Thou art not make-bate *Janus* shrine,
Open, in thee to day our CHARLES will shine:

Thou one continued Monument haſt been
To ſhew that Prince, and King, and Queen
High perſons dye as well as meane;
Thou haſt been of 'ts Mortality,
Now thou ſhalt a witneſſe bee
Of th'Reſurrection of Majeſty:

*Peter*, thy keys; let in our Soveraigne
Into thy Illuſtrious Fane,
Pounds not Pence ſhall be thy gaine;
Though wee're not Anti-Chriſtian,
Nor think the King more than a man,
Thy Abby ſhall out-pomp thy *Vatican:*

Rich Veſtments make the Lords Spirituall gay,
Coronets adorne the Lay,
Then I'l put on my wreath of Bay,
And for a kind of Poët goe,
(Worſer then I have do'nt I know,)
And bear my petty part in this great ſhow:

Arch-Angells (ſure) leaving their glorious ſphear
Themſelves have bodyſied here
Engliſh Nobles to appear;
And Earthly, groſſe, corporeall wee
Crowding ſo thick our King to ſee
Uſe their laid-by Penetrability:

Men uſed to be waited on can wait,
Nor does their Pomp there-by abate,
Since here to bows to ſit in ſtate,
And now may CHARLES's luſtre bee
The *Proto-type* of Majeſty,
The Emperour's not *King of Kings*, but *Hee*:

The newly-fonnd *Egyptian Anubis*
But a dull *Hieroglyphick* is
Of our Kings glory, Kingdomes bliſſe;

*Italy*

*Italy*, though high ſhee ſings,
Here-of no full reſemblance brings
*Conſular* triumphs were ſuch puny things:

The Father now would ſlight Victorious *Paul*,
His entrance, perſon, name and all,
To ſee theſe Peers this Prince inſtall;
Hee'd find when *Rome* ſubdu'd her foes
Shee came as ſhort of us in ſhowes
As now her modern Glories do of thoſe;

Of all the Objects which ſight-worthy bee
If he might have his choice of three
What would he chooſe? what would hee ſee?
Hee'd ſee the *Man* with God-head fill'd,
See the *Tent maker* Churches build,
See CHARLES's beames this *OEta-Minſter* guild:

That ſpeck of Majeſty, I ſhould ſay ſpott,
Though wee with ſoules eſteem'd him not,
Some of *the many's* honour gott;
Though they ſaw *Noll* headlong runn
And ſett all in combuſtion,
Yet *Phaëthon* with them went for a *Sunn*;

Minuteſt things which to our eye doe come
Through a watry *Medium*
Seem to be great and fill much roome;
Thus *Cromwell's* lowneſſe high appears,
His narrowneſſe a great breadth bears,
While men oppreſt look on him thorough tears;

But now the Scepter's ſweeter for his ſword,
That Caytiffe does this good afford
The foile ſetts off our native Lord;
So Diamonds do for Diamonds paſſe
When confronted by dimm glaſſe,
So Silver ſhines the more when plac't by braſſe?

*White-hall* and *Lambeth-house* since one CHARLES dy'd
With small delight themselves have spy'd
In th'waters which betwixt 'um glide;
They saw themselves turn'd upside down,
Gone was the Miter and the Crowne,
Fal'n were their propps King's robe and Bishop's gowne;

But all things now 're again serene and clear,
Now they like themselves appear,
Now their stately topps they rear;
Yonder sitts he in our view
Who'l give both Church and State their due,
King long agoe, at last anoynted too.

Were't not for th' *Iö-Pæans* of the towne,
The depths of nature I would sound,
Into my selfe I would goe down
And seriously ruminate
What 'twas could cause his so hard fate,
What is the reason he is Crown'd so late;

Did redd-coat *Mars* into rebellion runn,
And confront the King his *Sunn*,
Presageing what should here be done?
Did *Iron-side* in former days
Eclipse the gold which Sol displays
And make a new spott in's Meridian rays?

Did *Charles's waine* fling its bright rider down?
Or did the starrs of either *Crowne*
Look something dull, and seem to frowne,
As *Thummin*-stones their shine would loose
And prognosticate sadd news
When God to blesse a designe did refuse?

Was it because that he was rule to bear
Over the *Brittish* Tribes that are
All *Judah* and none *Issachar*,

To

To deal with ſpirits bold and free?
But wee for ever have been wee,
Yet when was *Engliſh* Prince ſo us'd as hee?

I muſt confeſſe e'en in the open ſtreet
Not to my Prieſt but t'all I meet,
And do penance in this ſtreet;
Religion it tottering ſtood,
Philoſophy t'would do no good,
Reaſon was at a loſſe do what it could;

Theſe things ſeem'd that, or ſomething like unto't
Which, though it do'nt his temper ſuite,
Yet malice would to CHARLES impute;
They like to Tyranny did look,
And I did want a Conſtruing book,
Was with a fit of *Lucianiſme* took;

I could not brook in Fate ſuch uncouth Laws,
I could not ſalve in her ſuch flaws,
I could not ſolve ſuch *Ænigma's*;
But that I knew the Queen of Kings,
Miſtreſſe of Perſons and of Things
*Fortune* doth ſtand upon a ball with wings;

I knew the Fire *Gold-Reall* too muſt prove,
That CHARLES was dear to him above
With whom *to chaſtiſe is to Love*;
That what is ſlowly 's ſurely done,
And whom heav'n will fix faſt in's throne
It is the longer ſetting him there-on:

Then (Mighty Sir) at length aſcend your Throne,
Poſſeſſe the ſeat long ſince your owne,
And fill't with your Great-Selfe alone;
Aſſume your Scepter and your Mound,
Your (ah! but) gold-and pearl-ſet Round,
Till better jewells, better mettall's found;

Hee

Hee mounts, h' aſcends, h'aſſumes his Diadem,
Whoſe ev'ry ounce of gold and gemm
Take worth from him, not he from them;
A ſight which wo'nt be done when done,
But ſtill and ſtill be thought upon,
And thought on e'en convert *Rebellion*:

*Mars* thus would ſhine, and ſuch a preſence bear
If, what a Comett once did dare,
Hee'd ſit in *Caſſiopea's* chaire;
*Apollo* would look with ſuch ſtate
If when he does culminate
His fore-head-beams were taught t'incorporate:

This day Triumphant *George* doth claime as his;
Indeed ſuch glory a proſpect is
Only for ſuch a time as this;
Nor is there the Solemnity
In the leaſt with this can vie
But yeſterday's Proæm'all bravery:

How *London* was with the whole Nation lin'd!
How was Lumbard-ſtreet outſhin'd,
The Sunn to his own Spheare confin'd!
How the rich mettalls did abound,
As if the King return'd had found
*Rio de Plata* flowing through his towne!

How the firſt curious Arch was beautify'd,
Yet both its cheekes in purple dy'd,
Bluſhing that CHARLES ſhould through it ride!
What rev'rence *Thames* to him did ſhew!
How *Neptune* waving's Trident too
Did from his ſtately Cabine homage doe!

How did the Temple ovally aſcend,
And by it's figure round portend
This peace and joy ſhould have no end!

How

How did *Flora's* fruits revive,
How did they grow a fresh and thrive
To see Great *Pan* Great *Pan* again alive!

How sensible the houses were t'was HEE!
How *London* would not Majesty
But in her gowne of *Arras* see!
How long howres seem'd a little while
Whilest he giv'ing ev'ry street a smile
Shott *th'Huge, the Navall, Rurall, Sacred pile!*

Yet why do I one only Sacred call?
*Cæsar* has consecrated all
In's Royall journy to *White-hall:*
May they outlive like piles of stone;
May they (at least) be lett alone
Till *Livia* too passe through them to the Throne:

Goe, sheath thy *Dagger London*; jarrings cease;
Have for thy paines an endlesse peace,
While CHARLES makes love and trade increase,
The World (or Poëts guesse amisse)
The World is in reversion his,
And thou design'd that World's *Metropolis.*

"*You may a little wonder at the length of the* Ode, *but the Author being a native of* England *his Apology is made to his hand; whom when Loyalty had suffered to make an end,* Apollo *arose from his seat, and thanked him and all the rest in a pithy speech, wherein he shewed himselfe as much the Lord of Oratory as he is own'd to be of Poëtry, and then dismist the assembly: So, Sir, craveing pardon for the trou-*



ble

*ble I ſhall have put you to by that time you are come thus farr in the peruſall of theſe papers, and preſuming upon the graunt, I make haſt to ſubſcribe my ſelfe,*

Sir,

Your unknown but reall

humble Servant

*Bocalini Jun.*